

## BAD FOR BROOKS.

A Detective Sent to Jail on a Sham Charge of Forgery.

How he Wormed the details of the Trunk Tragedy from the Prisoner.

He Admits that he "Fixed" Preller on Account of "His Meanness."

The Part the Hypodermic Syringe Played in the Tragedy.

The climax in the Maxwell trial was reached Monday morning. The threatened thunderbolt, whose mutterings have issued from the circuit attorney's office for the past two weeks, was hurled at the defense by the hand of "Jove" McDonald. Its effect was surprise, consternation, panic, then a long bitter fight in which personal remarks of a savage character were made on both sides. It was as if a masked battery, concealed in a position for deadly execution, had been suddenly opened on an opposing force. The effects were thrilling, the dramatic situations powerful and the tale of the shark-like preying of a man upon his kind anything but wholesome.

Of course it was a Harkshaw.

This particular member of the fraternity did his work, according to the evidence, in first-class style. He was a stranger and he took "em in. And this is how he did it. On February 26, a tall, thick set individual entered Mechanic's bank and attempted to cash a check for \$1,180.12, purporting to be signed by D. S. H. Smith, local treasurer of the Missouri Pacific, and made payable to John F. Morris. By a remarkable coincidence Detective Thomas Furlong happened to be in the bank at the time, and as Mr. Hutchinson, the cashier, suspected the signature of Mr. Smith was a forgery, he submitted it to Detective Furlong and he at once pronounced it a forgery, and took the man into custody. The prisoner resisted for a few minutes, but was finally taken to Furlong's office, where he was held until a warrant was sworn out by one of Furlong's men, named Phillips. A deputy sheriff then conveyed the prisoner to the Four Courts, and he was at once committed to jail on the warrant. The prisoner gave the name of "Frank Dingfelder," and when searched before going to jail he was observed trying to throw away a letter. It was recovered and found to be of a very compromising character. It referred to certain forgeries and said the writer was "flying light," but was going to the bank to make a raise and hoped the other members of the gang were doing well, and he promised to meet them in New Orleans in April. One man in England was referred to and another in San Francisco and it really looked as if the prisoner was a member of a gang of gigantic bank forgers. The newspapers published long articles about the arrest of the alleged forger and he made his debut in jail as a colossal criminal. The Pinkertons requested his picture and the police tried to take it but the prisoner made such resistance that it could not be done. He played his part in jail to perfection. He was quiet and well behaved, and soon wormed his way into Maxwell's confidence, and, as he swears, procured the

### TRUE STORY OF THE MURDER.

He waived an examination on the charge of forgery, was held over for the grand jury and indicted. He pleaded not guilty to the indictment, and a few days later was released on a bond of \$2,000, signed by Judge H. D. Laughlin. After developing the plot in jail, it was brought to a climax outside. He went east and corresponded with Maxwell and his attorneys and finally came back a few days ago in time to make his last appearance on the stage and stand.

The whilom Dingfelder is a Harkshaw of no mean attainments.

While in jail he was visited by a number of attorneys who promised for certain stipulated sums to get him off with five years, and one young man noted for the number of men he has sent to the penitentiary, informed him that if he would plead

guilty he could get him two years. The bank officials, Mr. Smith, Judge Laughlin, Judge Noonan, Prosecuting Attorney Claiborne, Chief of Detectives O'Neil, all the city detectives and the clerks of the criminal courts were all deceived by the smooth Mr. Dingfelder and the men behind him. Judge Laughlin is said to have gone on the bond at a friend's request.

When Dingfelder appeared Monday morning in his true character of "John F. McCullough, detective," there was a feeling that something was going to drop. This feeling was well founded and the prisoner appeared to be that something.

If Preller had crawled out of the trunk and confronted him right there Maxwell could not have exhibited greater surprise. His face turned an ashen hue, the muscles of his jaws moved convulsively, his eyes became glazed and the whole man looked as if he had received a fatal shock. After recovering somewhat, he leaned forward between his attorneys and a hurried consultation followed. The purport could be read in his face: "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."

### A STARTLING SURPRISE.

A thick-set, medium-sized individual then emerged from the circuit attorney's office and took the stand. In answer to inquiries he said his name was John F. McCullough and that he was a detective and had been in the business about five years. He had first been engaged with R. A. Pinkerton, New York, and later with his uncle, A. L. Drummond, chief of secret service of the eastern district of New York.

"Where were you employed after that?" asked Mr. McDonald.

"In Philadelphia, by John Wanamaker's dry goods house."

"When did you leave Mr. Wanamaker's?"

"In February, 1886."

"Who then did you engage with?"

"I accepted a position with Thos. Furlong, chief of detectives of the Missouri Pacific railway. I met Mr. Furlong, and he told me he had a case for me to work up and put me on this."

"Where did you first see the defendant?"

"In the city jail."

"How did you get in jail?"

"Under an alleged charge of forgery. I went under the name of Frank Dingfelder."

"When did you first see the defendant?"

"On February 26, between 3 and 4 o'clock."

"How often did you see the defendant?"

"Once or twice a day for the whole time I was in jail."

"How long was that?"

"Forty-seven days."

"How did you get acquainted with the defendant?"

"I met him that afternoon and he introduced himself to me as Maxwell and said he was under indictment for murder in the first degree and asked me about my case."

"When did you see him again?"

"The next day; we said nothing that time."

"When did you see him next?"

"Sunday morning."

"When was it you first had any conversation about the case?"

"After I had been in jail about ten days."

"Tell the jury now what was said."

Mr. Fauntleroy arose and objected and said that according to the testimony of the witness he was an impostor and a liar. He had himself arrested, held over to the grand jury and indicted for an infamous crime, and his evidence should not be believed by any sensible man. "Here is a young man," said he, "in a strange country made the victim of a most nefarious and infamous plot, and any man that will lend himself to such a scheme is beneath the notice of honorable men. It the prosecuting attorneys stoop to such infamy it should not be allowed in a court of justice."

The Court: I can't help what your private opinion is, Mr. Fauntleroy, the evidence is competent.

"Well then, your honor, I should like to examine the witness and learn

under what circumstances the admissions were obtained."

"You may do that."

"It will only make a few more lies necessary."

Mr. McDonald objected and said he would ask the court to protect the witness.

"Your name is John F. McCullough, you say," said Mr. Fauntleroy.

"Yes, sir."

"How many times have you been arrested?"

Objected to by Mr. McDonald and sustained.

"How many times have you been in prison other than this time?"

Objected to by Mr. McDonald. Objection sustained.

"How many crimes have you committed in your life?"

Objection sustained.

"Is there any crime you would hesitate to commit in order to get a confession?"

Objection sustained.

Mr. Fauntleroy then said he had no further questions to ask as it was evident that the witness was primed.

"Now, then, go on, Mr. McCullough, and tell what the defendant said."

Mr. Fauntleroy: We object, your honor, on the ground that this matter was not referred to in the opening.

The objection was overruled.

"I was in jail about ten days when he told that the people here were not smart; not as fly as they thought they were. When he was brought back they tried to break him down, and couldn't. Said he: 'The chief took me in his office and gave me several drinks, and when he thought I was full he showed me a picture of the man who was in the trunk and asked me if that was Preller. I told him no. I'd be a fool to say anything else.' Then I said: 'Could you tell it was Preller?' and he said: 'Of course I could.'"

"Well tell what happened next?"

"He thought I was a member of

A BAD GANG OF FORGERS

and we talked from day to day about thieves and murders. I told him I thought I might try an alibi, but I didn't know. He said if he had a witness that could testify that he had \$800 or \$1,000 when he was in Boston he thought he could beat the State. I told him I could get some of my people, my gang of forgers, to help him out, but would have to know the full particulars of the case. Then he went on and told me all about the case. He told me he met Preller in Liverpool the night before the ship sailed and said he wanted Preller to go to a fancy ball, but Preller would not go. Later he said he first met him on the steamer. He said he left England because he was a witness in a case and didn't want to put anyone in the hole. He said after meeting Preller on the steamer they had many conversations and finally arrived in Boston February 3. But he went to Young's hotel and registered. A few days later Maxwell took a room at 1503 Washington street and Preller stopped at Young's. He says he went around with Preller when he sold goods. Preller finally left Boston, but wrote letters to Maxwell. Finally, he said the last Saturday of the month he left Boston and paid \$23 for a ticket and came through via the Grand Trunk railroad to St. Louis. He said he got in Monday and registered at the Southern and found a telegram from Preller, asking if he was there. He said that Friday Preller arrived and they had several long talks about a proposed trip west. Preller said he was short of funds and could only

PAY HIS OWN EXPENSES.

Maxwell said that made him mad and he intended to fix him for his meanness. Sunday afternoon Preller was in Maxwell's room and complained of pain in his stomach which he had often complained of in Boston. He said he made up his mind to fix him on that. He told Preller that he knew a remedy, a hypodermic syringe. Finally Preller told him to use it, and he got the syringe and gave Preller a large dose of morphine in the arm, and this made him insensible. He then took the chloroform and held it under Preller's nose until the chloroform was

gone. He said he didn't think it was enough and he went out and got more chloroform and said he gave it to Preller until he was dead. Then he cut the white shirt and underclothes off him until he was naked. Then he threw his effects out of his trunk and put the body in it. He strapped down the trunk and allowed his effects to lay on the floor until next morning, when

HE BOUGHT TWO TRUNKS.

He said he then packed up his things and bought some articles. He said he got about \$700 from Preller, and he spent a good deal of it in St. Louis. He said his ticket cost him about \$120, and that while traveling he represented himself as a Frenchman. He said when he arrived in San Francisco the first thing he struck was a confidence man. The confidence man said he was going to Auckland and showed him a ticket just like the one he had himself. The man said his money was locked up in a safe and he needed some.

He asked Maxwell for \$100 and offered him a watch as security. He said he gave the man the money and afterwards found he had been swindled. He then said that he went around the town and had some drinks, and finally entered a house of ill-fame. While there one of the girls suddenly entered the room where he was, and he said he had his revolver in his hand, and told her that he had just killed a man and didn't propose to be arrested. He said that he bought a steamer ticket, and that was the reason he had not thrown away

THE CLOTHES CUT OFF PRELLER.

He said the trunks of the steamer passengers were placed so that they could not get at them. He said he was woke up and arrested before the steamer landed."

"Now I will get you to come back to the talk of the alibi," said Mr. McDonald.

"He said that my two people should say that they met him at Young's hotel and lunched with him at Murphy's. That they went to the theatre and saloons and finally they called on him just before he was leaving. They went out together and on the way to the depot they dropped into a saloon and he treated and while paying for the drinks he would show a large roll of money. My men would then say: 'Why, Maxwell, what are you doing with all that money?' and I'll say: 'I have to have some small change.' Then they will say: 'You carry it too carelessly. There are five or six \$100 bills in that pile.' I told him

IF WOULD BE ALL RIGHT

and then a few days before I left jail I went to his cell to arrange about the meeting. He wanted me to have the witness first meet his attorneys, and I said it would make a talk. Finally it was decided that the witness should see him first in jail. I told him I had good prospects for getting out on bond, and would see my people right away. I then took out a card and wrote 'Dingfelder' on it with a cross, a '2 w,' which meant two witnesses. He then tore the card in two and I told him to keep half of it and I would keep the other half, and when my people came to see him they would present the half of the card I retained."

The witness exhibited one-half of a card with a portion of the name 'Dingfelder' on it.

"What else did he say he wanted them to testify to?"

"He said that he wanted the men to say that in June, 1885,

THEY MET PRELLER IN BOSTON

and that it would be a good thing for them to say that Preller tried to elude them and did not want to be seen. And they were to say: 'Hello, Preller, we know you,' and Preller must say, 'I know you too, but don't say anything about meeting me, for Maxwell and I are going to make some money out of this.' Then he said he wasn't sure about the testimony about meeting Preller, and said he would see his attorneys. Next day he said he did not want them to testify to meeting Preller; that the defence would be accidental death, and that the missing link was to show that he had seven or eight hundred dollars in Boston. He said his lawyers had a bartender at the Southern who would swear that he had five or six hundred dollars when he arrived at the Southern."

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